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TIME A FICTION

Fact and Fiction



An Appeal for the Home



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An Appeal for the Home



BY
C. C. LOWE
BEDFORD, O.

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FORE-WORD

IN the winter of 1915-1916, a booklet entitled "Leaven, an Appeal for the Church," came into existence through my instrumentality. Immediately after receiving the booklet from the printer, about 200 copies were mailed to ministers of Cleveland and vicinity of all denominations, but no congenial soil was found on orthodox ground, for the reason that in it were pointed out errors in interpretation of the teaching of Jesus, which being adopted by the Mother Church and handed down to her offspring, have been "stumbling blocks" in the way to the Kingdom of Heaven since the day of Pentecost.

The first story in this book was offered *first* to the "Youth's Companion" and then to the "Catholic Universe" for publication *free*, but neither used it.

This little book is therefore dedicated to Spiritualism: *Spiritualism*, "which was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be."

If Orthodoxy would read her bible with her eyes open she would find abundance of

evidence of the communion and helpfulness of those who have graduated from the school of experience in earth life, which is the fundamental fact claimed by "modern spiritualism," so-called, which dates back only to the year 1848. In the last chapter of the last book of the new testament, the "beloved disciple," after having prefixed his prophecy by saying: "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day," concludes with these words:

"And I, John, saw these things, and heard them. And when I had heard and seen, I fell down to worship before the feet of the angel which showed me these things. Then saith he unto me, see thou do it not: for *I am thy fellowservant, and of thy brethren the prophets*, and of them which keep the sayings of this book: worship God." In the same chapter we find: "If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book, and if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from the things which are written in this book."

It is impossible that the "beloved disciple" could have given utterance to these words so diametrically opposed to the teachings of the Great Master, but they were interpolated by the Mother Church, whose purpose was, from the beginning, to obtain dominion over the whole world, pertaining to both religion and civil government, and to gain her end by keeping her followers in ignorance and ruling through the agency of superstitious *fear*.

The world is today paying the penalty of the errors of the past, the innocent suffering with the guilty.

If the light of *modern spiritualism* could be shed abroad *now* in the dark corners of the human mind, and all the creeds of Christendom be lowered for humanity to step over and shake hands with each other, the "kingdom of heaven" would again be "at hand."

God, once upon a time, used a boy and a pebble to slay a giant, and *slew* him, notwithstanding all the boy's friends said it was *impossible*.

"He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches."

THE POWER OF MOTHER LOVE.

"I will arise and go to my father."

ABOUT fifty years ago there lived in the rural suburbs of a large New England town, a farmer by the name of Thomas Jefferson Smith. He was deacon in the nearby M. E. Church, and was, for short, called "Deacon Smith" by most of his acquaintances, but certain boys and young men in the neighborhood, if they had occasion to mention him, referred to him as "Old Tom Smith." Boys have their own peculiar reasons for some of their ways, but to find out what those reasons are you have to be chummy with them, and ingratiate yourself into their confidence.

God had blessed the deacon with a devoted wife, whose only wish seemed to be to obey his will, and as his will was ample for both, if she ever believed herself possessor of a soul, she never dared to say it was her own.

At the period of the beginning of my acquaintance with them, the family circle, consisting of father, mother, two daughters and two sons, was unbroken.

The older son, John, was married and lived on the adjoining farm which had been a part of the old homestead. Being the oldest child, preceding in birth the daughter, who next arrived, by about three years, he had followed in the footsteps of his father, never even dreaming of any other way, and was a respected member of the M. E. church, of which his wife was also a member.

The daughters, Mary and Annie, were both quiet, well-behaved girls who loved their mother, and were duly respectful to their father for *her* sake, and both were members of the same class in Sunday-school.

The younger son, Fred, who was about seventeen years of age, was different from the others. He seemed, at quite an early period in his life, to have become conscious of a will of his own; the other members of the family also became aware of that fact as his will did not always harmonize with that of his father, and many a wordy conflict between them had emphasized the marked divergence.

Deacon Smith was as exacting and methodical in his rules of worship as the

name of his church implies; and from the day he and his wife set up housekeeping in a home of their own and he became conscious that he was the head of a family, until the time of which I write, not a day had passed unsanctified by family worship, consisting of scripture reading and prayer. The bible had been read through and through by course until it had become almost a matter of form to open the book, so firmly were its contents fixed in his memory.

His daily needs being nearly the same, scarcely a sentence had been changed in his prayer since he first arranged it to apply to himself and family. All the children except Fred accepted the situation without a murmur, but Fred often rebelled and was often punished for his stubbornness.

Another custom of the deacon was as invariable as his family worship; that of repairing to the basement immediately after breakfast, uncorking a jug kept in a secluded place and partaking of a small portion of the contents "for his stomach's sake."

Of course the mother knew all about it, but the children, having seen the same occurrence from day to day since their infancy, thought no more of it than of the

family worship. It was simply so much time taken from other activities, and if hard work had been laid out for the day, they were willing to wait.

One day Fred was looking around in the basement in search of a garden tool and accidentally discovered the jug. His suspicions immediately pointed out his father as the owner, and explained his daily visit to the basement. The discovery caused him to tremble with fear lest his father should become aware of his discovery, however innocent he might be, for the reason that many times he had witnessed terrific display of his father's temper when refusing to be convinced that his father's ways should be *his* ways.

His curiosity however gained the mastery over his fear, and, first looking cautiously around to see if he were observed, he carefully removed the cork, and, raising the jug to his lips, took what he intended should be only a taste, but which accidentally proved to be quite a mouthful. He was almost strangled and, in spite of his caution, made so much noise that he imagined the whole family would descend upon him before he could make his escape.

Replacing the jug as noiselessly as possible he hastened to the rear of the barn, where he seated himself upon a large stump and there waited and watched for developments. The first sensation noticeable after his convulsion of fear had passed away, was a most disagreeable taste in his mouth and a smarting in his throat, but when that had partly subsided there was a feeling of exhilaration in his veins never before experienced. He was now thoroughly alarmed as to the final effect, which proved to be the most severe headache he had ever suffered.

Fred had a chum a year younger than himself, who was his almost constant companion whenever any time could be allowed for recreation, as he lived on an adjoining farm and a shrill whistle from either would soon bring the other to his side.

Tom Brown's parents were much respected in the neighborhood on account of their many deeds of charity, and their willingness to spend time or lend money to accommodate any in distress. They were not church members, and seldom attended church, except at funerals, but they found no fault with any who wished to attend,

and were perfectly willing their children, Tom and Mattie, should go to both church and Sunday-school whenever they wished, and they often went with deacon Smith's children. As for themselves they preferred relaxation from their weekday toil, strolling in the nearby woods, or about the farm observing the growth of plants and fruit and their sleek young stock; or in friendly chat with neighbors who, like themselves, felt no restraint of custom. They loved their children dearly, and their love was fully reciprocated and rewarded by willing obedience whenever a request was made of them, and no harsh or unkind words were ever passed among the members of the happy family.

Fred and Tom were frequently together on Sundays, and as Tom had a pack of playing cards given him by his father, which they often used at home of an evening, he had taught Fred the game and they occasionally indulged in a pleasant trial of skill, although they were always extremely careful to conceal the fact from Fred's father, as they had good reason to believe he would disapprove of such amusement.

One warm Sunday morning in June Tom came strolling through the lot back of deacon Smith's barn, followed by his dog, on his way to the creek to have a plunge in a deep pool concealed by a grove of shady trees, when, catching sight of Fred, he whistled softly, and invited him to go for a swim.

Fred had never ventured to tell Tom about his experience with the jug, and had no intention of doing so, for fear the secret might be revealed to his father.

Fred knew he would have ample time to prepare for Sunday-school even if he should spend a little time with his chum, and he had no thought other than that of going with the rest of the family, so they went together to the pool, had their swim and started back to the house, when Tom accidentally discovered the deck of cards in one of his pockets, and immediately suggested a little game before Sunday-school, and told Fred if he would do so he would then hurry home, get ready and go with him. Fred agreed and they went by a rear stairway to the loft of the horse-barn, and, sitting down to an improvised table, began the game.

They became so interested that they took no note of time, and did not even hear the steps of Fred's father cautiously ascending the front stairs to the loft, until he had come within a few feet of them and his shadow fell across the table. The deacon had started out to look for Fred, haunted with his customary suspicion that Fred was up to some deviltry and had no intention of going to Sunday-school. On discovering the boys at a game of the devil's own invention, one that had sent so many of God's children to eternal torment, he was speechless, smitten with the thought of his own responsibility and the fate of his son, and his appearance was frightful to behold. In terror Tom fled down the stairway up which he and Fred had come, and towards his own home as fast as his legs could carry him.

Fred arose facing his father, his jaws were set, his eyes glared like those of a tiger, reflecting the gaze of his father's, but not a muscle of his body moved. The deacon, governed by the thought of the vengeance of an angry God and the salvation of his son, rushed down the stairs, snatched the new rawhide whip from the sursley and returned looking more like a madman than

a loving father, and approaching within reach of his son, raised the whip for a blow. Fred seemed to take in the whole situation at a glance, even to reading his father's thoughts, and feeling that he had done wrong and deserved punishment, determined to receive it like a man, and stood motionless with his eyes riveted upon his father while he dealt blow after blow upon his defenseless back, covered only with a thin summer shirt, until he could feel the blood trickling down even to his heels. After the first blow or two the deacon seemed to lose all sense of humanity, and raved like a wild beast in incoherent epithets of condemnation, until he was almost exhausted, when, dropping the whip, he turned, and staggering like a drunken man, he retraced his steps to the first floor, descended to the basement, and, in a secluded corner, fell upon his knees, and his soul burst forth in agony of prayer for the salvation of his son.

Fred stood for a moment feeling around in the darkness of his mind for some suggestion as to what he should do. He could hear the sound of his father's voice as it swept up to the loft in waves of anguish,

but he could not distinguish a single word. He thought of his mother whom he loved dearly, and believed it would break her heart if she were to know what had happened. He thought of his brother and sisters, but he was aware that they looked upon him as the "black sheep" of the flock, and would probably be relieved by his absence. He knew that he must decide quickly if he kept the secret from his mother, so he slowly descended the stairway down which Tom had fled, and, staggering from the strain of his effort to maintain self-control, wended his way to the pool where he and Tom had recently had a joyous swim, to wash his wounds and cleanse his clothes from the stains of blood.

Fred Smith disappeared from the community as suddenly and effectually as though the earth had opened beneath his feet and closed over his head. Tom Brown knew nothing of what transpired after he left the barn, and was too thoroughly frightened to make any attempt to ascertain.

Deacon Smith "wrestled with God" until the fervor of his prayer was consumed by its own heat, when he suddenly became aware that it must be time to start for Sun-

day-school. He was teacher of a large bible-class, and, during the twenty years he had held that position, had never failed to be in his place promptly at commencement time. He now repaired to the watering tank at the rear of the barn, and bathed his overheated face in the fresh cool water. He then ascended to the loft to look for Fred, but he was not there. Knowing that the boy had a will, which, even at his age, was almost equal in power to his own, he thought it would be futile to spend any time looking for him, and, thinking he would return home by evening, he hastened to the house to prepare for Sunday-school. He had occasion now for a display of the full power of his will, to maintain a degree of composure necessary to conceal from his wife the tempest still raging in his soul; but he prided himself that he never had flinched from the discharge of his duty, however great the effort required. His wife met him at the door with an anxious look, because she had not seen Fred preparing for Sunday-school as was his custom on Sunday mornings, and anxiously scanning her husband's face she saw that he was disturbed in mind, and naturally associated Fred's

absence and the unusual appearance of her husband, but she dared not mention her suspicion to him. The other members of the family were finally ready, and all went on their way, but, for the first time in his life, the deacon was late in getting to his class.

I also had a class of young men, and Fred was one of the members. His attendance was average, and he was always respectful, but I was unable to arouse any interest in him in regard to the salvation of his soul. In fact he seemed entirely unconscious of a soul, and once, in response to a question, asked: how can I lose what I have *not*?

I was quite intimate with the family on account of Fred's being a member of my class, so I stepped across the room and inquired of the deacon as to the cause of Fred's absence. I received an evasive answer coupled with a look that determined me to be less inquisitive in the future and draw conclusions from silent observation.

Time passed and nothing was heard of Fred. His mother's heart became the sepulcher of a mystery that rapidly sapped her life away. For a few days after Fred's departure his brother and sisters would inquire of each other: "What do you suppose

has become of Fred?" Then mention of his name ceased in the household, the brother and sisters each reaching the same conclusion that he had gone to a "far country" to "sow his wild oats." The mother gradually faded away like a flower "cut down"; going mechanically about her work until too feeble to continue the performance of her household duties, and in June the third year after Fred's departure she was no longer able to arise from her bed. The best physicians in the neighboring city were summoned, but none could determine the cause of her decline, and no remedies prescribed seemed to produce the least effect. On the anniversary of Fred's departure she folded her arms across her breast, and, without a struggle or any evidence of pain, entered into rest. The funeral was without unnecessary display; the aged pastor, who had known her from childhood, spoke eloquently of her many virtues, commended her spirit to the beneficent Father of all, and, so far as human eye could discern, her earthly labor was completed.

Deacon Smith turned away from the grave with a far-away look in his eyes and

the weight of a mill-stone upon his heart. He never smiled again.

Within a few months thereafter he was taken with an illness as mysterious as that of his wife. He could not concentrate his thoughts upon any business, and finally had to give up his bible-class.

One night about a year after the death of his wife, he retired early, being unusually weary from his effort to transact some important business during the day and soon fell asleep. About midnight he *thought* he was *awakened* by an unusual sound, and opening his eyes he saw, standing beside his bed, the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. She was robed in white and a crown of gold rested upon her head in which, directly over her forehead, was a cluster of beautiful diamonds, four in number, and in her right hand she held a white scroll, which, as he gazed upon it, slowly unrolled, disclosing in letters of light the words: "I am your guardian angel; it is right that you should love me; if you would know me look within your own soul and you will find me."

Slowly the scroll and its bearer faded away; and the deacon awoke with a shock

like that from an electric battery. Perspiration was standing in great beads upon his brow and his whole body shook like an autumn leaf in the wind. So vivid was the dream that it lingered in his mind like a pleasant phantom for weeks. He continued his labor upon the farm, after a fashion, about a year thereafter, when he also took to his bed to arise no more. As with his wife so with himself; the doctors were puzzled and were unable to stay the mysterious hand reaching out to gather him to the harvest.

Poor Fred! Like a ship at sea without sail or rudder he drifted wherever the wind of adversity drove him, until finally he was driven ashore in a large western town far from the home of his boyhood. Alone! *Alone* in a crowded city! Can you imagine loneliness more appalling? In his heart he bore the seed-germ of eternal life; *his mother's love*. Never had he failed of receiving sympathy and consolation from her whenever driven to almost overwhelming desperation by the severity of his father. He had received no word from home since his departure therefrom.

Many times in his quiet, thoughtful moments he had been drawn almost irresistibly toward home by the image of the sweet, mournful, yearning face of his mother, but always there arose between it and him the last tragic scene of his home-life, and the stern, unrelenting look upon his father's face as he last saw it, and he could not summon courage to return. He had obtained work and was doing fairly well in a business sense, but the poverty of his heart was the most prominent feature of his life. *He must have companionship.*

He made the acquaintance of some of his fellow workmen, who, for lack of a better place to meet, often came together in a saloon, where they would have a game of cards, enlivened with a few glasses of beer, and sometimes something stronger. Fred never forgot the jug in the basement at home, nor the pleasurable sensation he experienced after sampling its contents, and the fact that he had never observed any bad effect upon his father from the systematic use of whisky, he feared no danger from his doing as his associates did, and so he became more and more addicted to strong drink until, on several occasions, he requir-

ed assistance to reach his boarding place. He and his friends sometimes met where unfortunate women mingled with the men and played and drank with no restraint. Fred could never be induced to contribute in the least to the degradation of a woman; his mother's love always presenting her sweet face in times of temptation of *that* kind.

One Saturday night, the week's work having been completed, and the men having drawn liberal pay for their labor, they assembled in a saloon as usual, and to make the game with cards more interesting, they put up money and played for keeps. About midnight the game became intensely exciting, and beer and whisky having been used quite freely, a dispute arose between Fred and one of the other young men, which grew hot and hotter, until, in a fit of rage, his antagonist drew a huge knife from an inner pocket and slashed Fred across the face and breast, causing the blood to spurt clear across the table. A great commotion arose, Fred fell upon his face and his assailant fled from the room.

The saloon-keeper rushed in from the bar-room, and taking in the situation at a glance, and knowing that something must be done immediately, called an ambulance, and, as there was near by a hospital supported by the Roman Catholic church of which he was a member, he had him taken there with the utmost speed.

With prompt attendance of skilled surgeon and nurse, the wounds were soon stanchd and he was restored to consciousness. On opening his eyes he beheld the sweet spiritual face of a woman bending over him with an appearance of anxiety, which soon passed away as she observed the remaining life current resuming its customary channels. As Fred looked into her eyes the image of his mother arose in his memory, and tears glistened for a moment in his eyes, then slowly trickled across his cheek and fell upon the pillow.

Fred's recovery was very slow on account of loss of blood, and while lying in bed waiting restoration of strength he had ample time for reflection.

There arose in his heart an almost irresistible desire to return home. The voice

of his mother seemed to be calling: "Come home dear boy, come home."

Fred had never had any acquaintance with members of the Roman Catholic church; he had been taught to shun them as vipers; that a Roman Catholic priest is a favored emissary of the devil, and that the Pope of Rome is his personal representative and endued with power to carry on his work in the world. The daily attendance of the sweet-faced sister, whose only will seemed to be to anticipate his needs and alleviate his suffering; the touch of her hands as she carefully removed the bandages, cleansed the wounds and bound them again; the look of solicitation and sisterly love manifested in every act, were a revelation to him. When he was able to return to work he resolved to forsake his accustomed haunts and the companions who had led him astray; to find work in another shop, and seek a new boarding place, and he carried out his resolution successfully.

The hand of some invisible friend seemed to lead him that the object lesson received at the hospital should not be forgotten, for

he obtained board and room in a pleasant home, the only members of which were husband and wife. Nature, for some unexplicable cause, had deprived them of the joys of parentage, and the affection which would have been lavished upon a large family seemed concentrated into almost supernatural devotion to each other.

He soon learned that they were members of the same church which maintained the hospital where he had been restored to health, and, having no children, and being well able, were large contributors to both church and hospital. They were about the age of Fred's parents, and he learned to love them dearly, as they used every available means to make his life pleasant. He observed that they were punctual and strict in the observance of every form of worship prescribed by the church, yet had no appearance of being in bondage, and never inquired of him in regard to his religious belief.

Nearly two years passed in this quiet home without an unpleasant word or unkind act, and Fred might have been content there all his life, were it not for the fact that his

mother's face was constantly before him, whether in the shop, at work, on the street, sitting in his quiet room evenings with a book, and even in his dreams.

He had saved quite a sum of money, more than enough to pay his fare, and he finally determined to go home. He reached his home town in June, five years after his departure therefrom, and fearing to go directly home from which he had received no message, and I, being his old Sunday-school teacher, and being looked upon by him as a true friend, he very naturally came to me for information. I could hardly believe him to be Fred Smith, the bold, defiant and independent boy who had disappeared five years before. He bore an ugly scar across his face, a constant reminder of his past folly, but his whole body in every movement was evidence of a fully developed soul. He modestly and truthfully told me his story, making no effort at concealment of his errors, and when he had concluded with a frank confession of the cause of his return, I felt that in his presence I was standing upon holy ground. As gently

as I could I told him of his mother's transition on the anniversary of his leaving home three years before; of the singular conduct of his father, and that now he seemed very near the end of his earthly pilgrimage; I then asked him if he could not *forgive* and see his father once more before his departure.

For a long time he sat without uttering a word, and I could see his body convulsed with a mighty struggle, which gradually grew less and less until his higher self gained complete victory over his stubborn will, when, slowly raising his face from his hands in which it had been hidden, he stood upon his feet a giant of strength, and with a radiance upon his brow that for the moment minimized the ugly scar and answered: "I will go."

Shortly thereafter he stood by his father's bedside gazing down upon him as he seemed to sleep.

Five years before on that very day Fred had fled from his wrath, now his father lay before him, his physical strength, so emphatically demonstrated then, now reduced

to a minimum; a faint smile wreathed his lips, which presently gave way to a look of mysterious awe. The same lovely woman again appeared at his bedside and his memory reverted to the contents of the scroll then shown to him; now she looked upon him with tender persuasiveness as a scroll she held in her right hand slowly unrolled revealing these words of life: "Love suffereth long and is kind." It was the beautiful vision which caused the smile upon his lips; its gradual disappearance the shadow of mysterious awe.

Just then Fred's voice broke the silence with these words spoken in a subdued tone: "Father do you know me?" The deacon slightly turned his head and opened his eyes which peered into the eyes of his son. His eyes brightened as he appeared to look "within the veil" on the very soul of his son, where he could see "neither spot nor blemish."

Convulsively throwing his arms about Fred's neck he drew him to his bosom. Not another word was spoken. After a short period the father's arms relaxed and Fred

gently unclasped them and folded them across his father's breast.

The deacon had learned the supreme lesson of earth-life just as he departed therefrom.

* * * * *

Q. The spot on earth nearest heaven?

A. A harmonious home.

* * * * *

Whoever in anger smites a child, smites the image of God nearest his kingdom.

* * * * *

The best use one can make of the past is to profit by its errors.

* * * * *

"Dickery, Dickery Dock,
The mouse ran up the clock."

Q. Why did the mouse run the clock up?

A. Because the clock did not run the mouse down.

TIME A FICTION(?)

"A thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday."

As I lay in my bed and wrestled with Thought,
Who appeared as a giant to me,
Into the mysteries of *life* I sought,
And of eternity.

The question of Time and of Space as well;
The question of Heaven, the question of Hell,
What people believe and what they think,
'Til of *sleep* I could get not another wink.

We know that in *this* world is *life* and *death*
And between the two but a fleeting breath;
We look at the sun as it seems to climb,
And reckon as gold the passing time.

Our hair grows gray as the years go round
Because in the sense of *time* we're bound,
But our heart may sing with eternal joy
In the blithesome sense of girl or boy,

If we pause in our speed to reach the grave,
Conserving our strength our health to save,
And seek for the treasure tried and true
That lies 'twixt the "old time" and the "new."

Before the great Master humbly bow
And acknowledge the "everlasting *now*."

The earth at its surface speeds round and round
At a rapid rate, as has been found,
For thus it begun and thus must go,
And the storm descends and the wild winds blow,
But as from the surface toward the center we tend
The speed must decrease till it comes to an end.

'Tis the *surface* of life that is swept by storm;
That portion of life surrounded by form,

But in the depths of the soul where the angels
dwell

Is the kingdom of God they love so well.

"There shall be no night there," in the Book it is
said;

The sun measures time for only the dead.

Even they who are dead may yet learn to live,

If, obeying the Master, they learn to forgive.

Life as complete with its earth and its heaven,

Its proneness to err and yet be forgiven;

Its bitter and sweet, its sorrow and joy,

With something to do the mind to employ;

The feeling that each is unto the other

A household relation of sister and brother,

Is about all we could ask if permitted to choose,

With so much to learn and nothing to lose.

* * * * *

The lightning is harnessed abolishing Space,

The phonograph record abolishes Time,

The wireless invention has set thought apace

Toward the region of Spirit so vast and sublime

And man in his infancy yet seemeth to sleep

Still "rocked in the 'cradle of" (life and) "the
deep."

* * * * *

"Ding dong bell," no water in the well?

What a sad, sad thing!

If big "Jack Stout" knows what he is about

He'll get "*living water*" from the Spring.

* * * * *

The trinity of Deity?

Love, Wisdom and Life.

* * * * *

The trinity of man?

Body, Soul and Spirit.

PLUG AND GET-THERE.

A FAIRY STORY FOR THE "KIDS."

"Faith: The substance of things hoped for."

ONCE upon a time, a man, who was nicknamed "Plug-Ugly" on account of his unpleasant disposition, lived in a large manufacturing town not a thousand miles from here.

He was twenty-five years of age, and had a wife "Susie," and a son "Johnny." They lived in a rented house, not large, but very comfortable, because Susie was tidy and a good housewife. She worried some, however, for fear something would get misplaced or that her husband or Johnny would step on her clean floor with dirty shoes.

Mr. Ugly worked in a large shop where many other men were employed, and he was a good workman, but he was all the time grumbling about something. His work was too much or too little, and he was never at a loss for something to find fault about;

he even scolded Johnny, and scowled and grumbled at Susie, although he loved her *dearly* on account of her being so good to him, and of his loving himself so well.

He took no pleasure in his work, but he had worked whenever there was work for him in the shop, because he wanted a home of his own, and he had saved several hundred dollars.

Mr. Ugly had an invisible "friend" who was with him all the time, making suggestions which seemed to be for his benefit. He never had seen him, and could not see him because he was within himself, and he had never thought of looking there. One day a great business boom hit the shop and he had to work harder than ever. Of course he got more pay, and he liked that all right, but his "friend" suggested that his employer was making too much money out of his work. So he and some of the other men got together and talked the matter over and decided to go on strike; and they *did*. Then the shop closed down and Mr. Ugly had nothing to do for a long time, and of course

the money he had saved had to be used little by little, until he became entirely discouraged.

Then his "friend" suggested that he join the *socialists*, as *they* know that everything is all wrong in the business world, and *they* know how to remedy every evil. So he sent in his name and became a member, hoping they might give him a paying office and make life easier.

While he was out of work he often met with his new acquaintances who were in the habit of drinking beer and whisky, and although he never had drunk any himself, and was bitterly opposed to it, his "friend" suggested that it would be all right to have a glass or two just for sociability, and he gave way. Not being accustomed to strong drink he soon became drunken, and several times went home in that condition feeling so much like his name, that one day when Susie reproved him, he *struck* her, and then catching a glimpse of Johnny, he gave him a kick that caused him to cry bitterly.

One morning he awoke with a terrible pain in his head, and thinking the matter

over, he decided something must be done; money most gone, no work and no show for any, and he in the way of temptation every day. Besides, Susie was becoming sick and discouraged; often wept, but never smiled, and Mr. Ugly really felt bad, and was sorry for her and Johnny too. Then his "friend" suggested that he go onto a farm; that there he would be independent; have plenty of wholesome food, fresh air and spring-water; and that he go to a "dry town" and get away from saloons and his associates who had led him astray. The proposition looked good to him, and aroused hope of success. So he presented the matter to his wife, and, although she had little faith in the venture, because *she* knew that *he* knew nothing about farming; but inasmuch as when the shop started up after the strike a man had been put in his place, because at that time he was training around with the socialists, and did not seem to care for work, she finally consented, and he started out and rented a farm for three years with the privilege of buying at the end of that time. He knew he must have

a team, wagon and farming implements, and as he hadn't much money, he thought he could get along with one horse the first year, so he went to a sales-stable and selected a large horse of about his own age. It was nearly blind and could not hear very well, but Mr. Ugly bought some corn and oats and a big *whip*, and thought he would do very well. He forgot to inquire the name of the horse, and thinking he should have one for convenience, he divided his own name, giving him the front end of it, and named him "Plug." He always carried the cruel whip because Plug was so *slow*; and sometimes Plug would become so weary that he would balk outright. Then Mr. Ugly would apply the whip until Plug, thinking it would be easier to move on than to stand, would start up again.

Spring opened and Mr. Ugly began work, but things went no better on the farm than in the shop. The weather was too cold or too hot; too wet or too dry; the frost killed his early plants and the birds carried his seed away, and everything looked *blue* except the sky.

One morning Susie said: "Dear husband, we are out of flour and meal and I cannot bake until we have some." So Mr. Ugly hitched Plug to the wagon, loaded on some corn and oats he had bought to have ground for Plug, and started for the mill, thinking he could pick out some of the best of the corn to have ground for Susie to bake. He had not gone far when Plug thought he *must* rest, and he stopped stark still in the middle of the road. Then something mysterious happened. There was in that country a very wealthy man by the name of "Joyful." He always drove a strong sleek horse and either a fine carriage or strong new wagon; the wagon always empty. He never carried a whip, and the name of his horse was "Get-There."

But the strangest of all was, that however much Mr. Joyful drove around the country, hardly anyone ever saw him; and no difference how many horses and wagons he gave away, he always had the same number left: *enough*. Now as he drove along the road whistling to himself, he espied Mr.

Ugly and Plug. Mr. Ugly would not have seen him had he not spoken, but when Mr. Joyful said: "Hello there!" Mr. Ugly, looked, and when Mr. Joyful spoke again he saw Get-There fairly dancing with life, and looking as though he would like to be hitched to a heavy load.

"How would you like to swap horses and wagons?" said Mr. Joyful. Mr. Ugly thought he was joking, and pinched himself to see if he were awake, but when Mr. Joyful assured him he had plenty more and proposed an even trade he accepted his offer.

The grain was soon loaded into the new wagon and Mr. Ugly went on his way rejoicing. But before allowing him to go, Mr. Joyful said to him: "Now remember; you will never need a whip, and you will never need to feed Get-There any hay, corn or oats as he always feeds himself on invisible food."

When he was out of sight Mr. Joyful stepped up to Plug and patted him on the neck, calling him "Bonny." Plug pricked up his ears and turned his eyes mournfully

towards his new master. Mr. Joyful tossed the big whip into the ditch, and said: "Bonny, come with me, I have plenty green pasture where you can fill your belly in a few minutes; nice clear spring water where you can quench your thirst, and then you can lie down in the shade and rest." Bonny was very willing to follow his new master, and soon found he had told the truth.

So he ate all he wanted, had a refreshing drink and then lay down in the shade. He was so comfortable that he fell asleep, and slept and *slept* until he actually *slept himself away*.

Mr. Ugly arrived at the mill in just a few minutes; found the miller waiting for a grist, so the grain was soon ground and Mr. Ugly started for home. Get-There went so fast that Mr. Ugly actually *lost his name* on the way. He has a new name now, but I do not know what it is and will therefore have to call him Mr. *Blank*.

On the way home he passed a country store where almost everything you could think of was for sale. When Mr. Blank thought of what Mr. Joyful had said about

not having to feed Get-There, he felt very rich, because it had taken almost all his money to buy feed for his other horse, so he stopped at the store and bought Susie a nice dress and other things he thought she would like, and also bought Johnny a pair of shoes and a fine top.

Then he started up again and Get-There could not go any too fast for him. He drove into the yard with a loud "hurrah!" which woke Susie from a dreamless sleep, she was so tired and was not expecting him so soon. When she saw the new horse and the many things her husband had brought home she thought she must be dreaming, but finally she had to believe it to be true. It seemed all right to Johnny because his mamma had been telling him nice fairy stories that explained it all to him. Well the last I heard of Mr. Blank was at about the end of the three-year lease, and he had earned and saved enough money to make a good payment on the farm, so he bought it, fixed up the buildings in fine shape, and they were a happy family. Johnny was getting along nicely at school and his papa

and mamma were planning to send him to college. Susie was as rosy-cheeked as a school-girl, singing and whistling all the day long, and Mr. Blank feels himself competent for any undertaking, all because he has a horse whose name is "Get-There."

* * * * *

"Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard
To get her doggy a bone,
And when she got there," she saw a sign on the
door:

"Standard Oil Company."

* * * * *

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

(A parody on the 23rd Psalm.)

"The Politician is my Shepherd, I shall not
want for anything in this campaign.

He leadeth me into the saloon for my votes
sake, and my cup of rum runneth over. He filleth
my pockets with cheap cigars, and inquireth into
my family, even to the fourth generation.

Yes, though I walk through the mud and rain
to vote for him and shout myself hoarse, when he
is elected, straightway he forgetteth me; though I
meet him in his own home, he knoweth me not.

Surely the wool hath been pulled over mine
eyes all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in
the house of a chump forever." —*Anon.*

THE A. B. C. OF LIFE.

"If I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there."

One Mr. A, of Cheerytown, not feeling very well,
Called the best doctors he could get, but *died* and
went to hell.

Now, when he found himself in hell, he was
extremely dry,

But couldn't find enough to drink to even wet his
eye.

When, driven to extreme disgust, he sought to
dig a well;

He dug a while, and held his breath, he couldn't
bear the smell;

He ceased to dig and looked around for rock or
shady tree;

There was not a single living thing as far as he
could see.

In deep despair he sat himself upon the burning
sand

To ponder o'er his dreams of life in a far better
land.

While Mr. A. was still on earth, he "wandered
up and down"

He wandered "to and fro therein," through city
and through town.

Where e'er he went a cheery smile was ever on
his face,

And friends around him always flocked at every
stopping place.

Cigars were free, and bowls did flow 'til prohibi-
tion won,

And then his fertile brain found vent in joke
and witty pun.
He owned a cottage he called *home* and home it
was indeed.
The latchstring always hung outside, none turned
away in need.
However shabby, lame or blind, he always blamed
the *cause*
And not the *man* he saw beneath, formed by
diviner laws.
His prayer he wore beneath his vest, and *lived* it
every day
And cared not what his neighbors think or what
his neighbors say.
So, very *good* was Mr. A, for good *he had to be*,
To be a Master Mason man of thirty-third degree.
One only wall was ever built twixt him and his
fellow man
And *that* was built by Prejudice, and that he could
not span.
From early youth he had been taught the "cross
back" to despise;
Of all the *cussed things* on earth none equaled
him in size,
And were it not for this one thing he could not
overcome
Instead of hell now heaven might be for his
eternal home.
So while he sat on the burning sand and thought:
"It might have been."
He thought perhaps the cause might be in *this* his
chiefest sin,

Why he was sent into the pit to while his time
away,

And now alas! the times is past for him to even
pray.

So he arose and toward the *east* he went the
weary road

- In search of something to divert his thoughts
from his abode.

* * * * *

Mr. B. was a loyal member of the Roman Catholic church, and lived in strict observance of all its rites. He was moral and upright as a rule, but being "of the flesh" he was prone to err, and to make heaven secure in case of death he never failed to make confession to the "Holy Father" and ask forgiveness. He had been taught from infancy to hate "Free Masons," for the reason that all members of that order had been excommunicated from the Mother church, years before he was born, with the bitterest curse that could be framed in human language.

He was a traveling salesman, and being called to the wild regions of the west, he had occasion to go to a distant town which he could reach in much less time by a short but dangerous route. His time being limited, he decided on the short cut, taking a chance

which he had been cautioned against. On the way he was beset by robbers and in his effort at self defense lost his life. He had made *one* breach of righteous conduct which he intended to confess on reaching home, but this unexpected event sent him, on account of that one fault, plumb through purgatory into hell.

He found himself alone, and not a living thing in sight. The burning sand was consuming his feet, the sulphurous smell almost strangled him, and he was so thirsty that he drank the sweat that fell from his overheated brow. He had no knowledge of direction, but where he was he could not stay, and mechanically started *west*. So he and Mr. A. approached each other, each unaware of the other's presence until they came quite near. Mr. A. could see the cross and crucifix of Mr. B. and Mr. B. could see the masonic emblem and snowy white apron of Mr. A. There they stood glaring at each other, with hatred in their eyes, thinking the torments of hell enhanced by this untoward event. Suddenly a brilliant light burst forth between them and in the midst there stood a form like unto the "Son of God!"

He was clothed as were the shepherds of olden time, but his garments were snowy white, and he was leaning on a shepherd's staff. Casting the staff upon the ground, he stood erect, facing the south, and stretching out his arms due east and west on a level with his shoulders, he stood *a living cross*.

"My Lord and my God," cried Mr. B.

"Such a sight I never expected to see;

My Lord and my Saviour in hell with me!"

Mr. A. *understood*, he was taught by his mother

To think of the Master as his "elder brother."

"Come to me," said the Master," my erring sons"

And they all joined hands, as the story runs,

A. and B. each asked the other to be forgiven,

When, like a flash, their hell was changed to
heaven.

* * * * *

Every organic structure is formed in the image and likeness of God, and is therefore a trinity, consisting of an *outer*, an *inner* and an *inmost*. The *inmost* is the *life* or formative power, and all growth and development is from within.

The trinity of the atmosphere is *air*, *ether* and *spirit*.

The trinity of Christendom is: Roman Catholicism, Modern Free Masonry and Modern Spiritualism.

But if spiritualism is the "leaven," which is to "leaven the whole lump," it must be blended with the "*flower*" of the kingdom, namely: the membership of the church of all denominations without respect to creed.

* * * * *

Q. The trinity of Solomon?

A. Ecclesiastes, Proverbs and The Song.

Ecclesiastes for the "natural man," Proverbs for the "moral man" and The Song for the "spiritual man."

Although Solomon had a thousand wives and "half wives," he reserved his love song for his "little sister," the divine counterpart of his own soul, and the song alludes no more to a church than it does to a hen-house, as both are assumed to be for protection of "chickens."

DREAMS.

"Your old men shall dream dreams."

WHERE is the Master of the house when Morpheus comes gliding in? The answer is a secret and so ever will remain to ears unhallowed by love of Nature. But I will tell it you, if you agree to treat it with that respect due to a great mystery. The *Master* never sleeps, but when aweary of his strenuous work, retires to a room especially prepared for him; the "holy of holies" of the soul which the Father's glory filleth ever, and in his presence doth he *rest*.

Before retiring the Master sends his servants to every room, each to his specific work. The Master's earthly temple, made in the image of himself, but subject to decay, must be repaired in every part where either honest toil, or excessive indulgence in sensual pleasure, has destroyed the units of the body which are required in vast armies to maintain the equilibrium of the organism and keep it fit for use; the waste must be carried away through the avenues especially prepared, and the new material made ready by the stomach, heart and lungs.

And while this work is quietly going on the sleeper sleeps, perhaps he dreams. While the sun is up the Master rules the house; Morpheus hides away among the sunbeams; but anon, when darkness settles o'er the earth, he seeks a playground in the mind of man. Material he has to use just as he finds it, but building is his nature, and build he must. If he finds a mind distraught by reason of indulgence in material things beyond requirements for the Master's use, he brings to his aid his retinue of imps and calls a dance upon the sleeper's brain. Then are his dreams fantastic, broken and unreal; things come and go, appear and disappear without order or relation, yet at the time they seem to be quite real and true; but when the morning comes they *vanish* and the only witness that they were ever there are found in stomach, brain and nerve, all tending to distress. The very best that Morpheus can do for such an one, when morning comes and time to take his leave, is to impress upon the mind of him who sleeps, a sense of *shame* that he should by his excess deprive the Master of what is lawfully his own: a healthy body and a willing soul.

There is another kind of dream that is not *all* a dream. It comes when man, with some fixed purpose in his mind, retires to

rest with body well attuned to Nature's law, and an unyielding problem in his workshop waiting for the Master's touch. Then comes the god of dreams and, seizing the material prepared and waiting for his use, finds greatest joy in doing for the sleeper what he *cannot* do for himself. *Such* dreams live on and on: and when Morpheus disappears to hide himself again within the circle of the light, the sleeper wakes and sees it all. How easy is the problem *now*, and he is *proud* to think he did it all alone.

Some dreams I've had belonging to the latter class. One I will venture to relate with all modesty and truth.

'Twas when my thoughts were reaching out in search of *Jesus*. Of him I read, of him I heard, and yet I knew him not. What means "the Christ," and why should Jesus thus be called?

I fell asleep. I knew not how or whence I came, but in a building of proportions large, and every portion filled with wheels immense; with shafts and belts and pulleys, to all appearance for some mighty work intended; and as I stood, entranced, with wonder as to what it all could mean, there appeared before me in the midst, without warning of approach, a man of medium size, complexion dark, his clothing black, except

an apron white as snow, and even *now* I see him as he *was*. He slowly spoke to me and this is what he most distinctly said: "*Do not spend too much time in getting acquainted with the teacher.*"

I have given his words exact. And all these years now more than thirty, and long before I knew that for which the white apron stood, I have sought to know the full intention of the dream. It has now been revealed to me that only self, the *fleshly* self, is the obstruction which must be removed by him who seeks the light of Truth, and through whatever means the knowledge comes, there is but one source: *the ever living God*.

* * * * *

Note by the Author.—I am now employed in the time department of The McMyler-Interstate Company of Bedford, Ohio, which has the distinguished honor of having produced the largest moving crane in the world now in use in the Government ship-yard, at Philadelphia. The immense shop where the work was done was erected for the manufacture of guns and shells in time of war, but is now devoted to the furtherance of peaceful industry.

My office is now in the corner of the shop where I can hear the roar of the machinery as I work, sounding much like the rapids below Niagara Falls.

As I step to the door at the end of the shop I see the exact realization of the above mentioned dream, except that I myself am now entitled to wear the "white apron."

THE HOME.

"Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee."

MORPHEUS had been kind to me. Into my restful slumber he came gliding; upon his arm he bore my lady love and then retired. Oh what bliss to be with her alone! No painter could portray the beauty of her soul that shone through her transparent flesh. Her thoughts were as white-winged messengers of light and shone into my heart revealing to me its imperfection. There I could see the longing of my soul that had appeared to me as pure love, which now I saw as but its shadow.

I had desired to hold in my embrace the temple of her soul, regarding my own pleasure more than hers, whereas I now could see that if I lose my self and all the motives wont to spring therefrom, then would her *wisdom* and my *love* unite in the perfect harmony of heaven.

I awoke refreshed. I bathed my eyes in the "water of life." My vision cleared and its range extended far beyond the limits it had known before. The vigor of my life filled my whole body, soul and spirit with a tempest of emotion. I cast about me for

some work to do, and then espied my garden.

I called my servant and bade him bring me a spade. He disappeared and soon returned holding in his hand a tea-spoon and a table-fork. I rebuked him, saying: "Go use those tools yourself; they may be strong enough to stir the shallow soil in your poor garden, but when I work in mine I want a *spade* bright and new, with handle strong that will not break when I use my whole strength upon it, a narrow blade that will not grasp more earth than I can lift when pressed into the soil beneath where the plow has ever gone. He went again and brought for me a ditching spade and a six-tined fork with handle stout and long and trusty tines.

I hastened to my garden and began to work. Pushing down and down to a great depth, I pried and lifted until I brought to light earth upon which the sun had not shined for many, many years. The first spadeful came very hard and required all my strength, but as the work progressed it seemed like play, and never had I worked with half the pleasure.

My neighbor passing by, and seeing me so diligently engaged, halted and addressed me thus: "Thou foolish man! dost thou not know that all thy work is vain? No seeds can grow in earth like that; it has no *life* to reach up after roots and draw them down; and even if they burst the shell that holds their latent life it will be only that they may die; they never, *never* can reproduce their kind."

I knew that he was wise, and that I should never see the fruitage of my labor, but to *prove* to him that he was right and to show him that I little cared, I took the choicest seeds I could procure and planted them as carefully as though I hoped to reap a harvest. The sun sent down his light and heat and kissed my garden as he had always done before, although he knew it would not help me now; the passing clouds took notice of my folly and wept; their tears of sympathy caused the seeds to look up with hope, and when the spirit of the earth breathed on them they leaped for joy and burst their shells.

I later walked in my garden knowing well what I should see, and my neighbor also came and without show of sympathy, but rather with sarcastic grin and a look: "I told you so," passed on.

The seeds had spent their entire strength of life in breaking through their prison walls, and there they languished upon their mother's breast, because she had for them no nourishment. As though my life had been prolonged that I might see, I looked again when the years had passed, and others had taken up my work. My neighbor's garden had gone out of use save for growth of weeds, and even they were scant and of a sickly hue, but where in mine the spade had been driven down so deep, fruit abundant, and flowers fragrant and beautiful, embellished every spot.

EDEN.

THE human mind, as a unit, is, in general, the garden of God, and every individual mind his garden in particular. Every individual mind is a new creation. At the blissful moment of conception, God sends down from heaven *one seed* which enters the vortex of the new creation and determines *sex*. All else is left to environment and the thoughts that cluster around that innate idea. The *worker* then begins to build the form that is to be its home on earth, the forming mind becomes *its* garden to cultivate and enjoy, and no one has a right to circumvent the purpose of Deity by appropriating, or even *limiting* the range of individual thought.

* * * * *

Had the artist who painted the word picture of "Eden" placed in the garden a bisexous babe instead of a full grown bisexous man, and hung the picture in the

art gallery of the world, the picture would have yielded fruit of joy instead of fear ; instead of lamentation o'er the "fall of man" the energy wasted thus would have united with the intelligence and zeal engaged in exploration of the vast expanse of *Nature*, and every living soul would turn attention to the *rise of man* from the "lowest parts of the earth" through all the kingdoms of nature, from the mineral kingdom even unto the "kingdom of God."

“THE POODLE DOG.”

“Multiply and replenish the earth.”

OH mamma, mamma, come and see, Oh such a pretty sight; it's Mrs. Reichwine's poodle dog, she must have got last night, it is full grown and snowy white.

I saw her walking round the lawn where she had walked since early dawn, leading that pretty, pretty thing by a silken cord and a golden ring. I couldn't see a single “kid.” I never did in *there*, and when she saw me through the fence she gave a haughty stare; she never likes us “kids” you know and turns from us where e'er we go. Oh mamma, I'd like to have a doggy too, but I wouldn't swap one “kid,” would you? And we are six and poorly dressed, but we know that papa does his best.

Say, mamma, why do the rich have dogs instead of “kids”; is it because *their* God forbids?

Hush darling, your questions are laid up on the shelf; let each one answer for herself.

REINCARNATION.

THE fact of *reincarnation* is not of individual entities, but of Truth, the "I Am of Being" which will be incarnated again and again until the "fullness of time" when each individual of mankind comes to knowledge of himself.

* * * * *

A Religious Creed: A noose about the neck to bind you back, to bind you fast; nothing but Truth can set you free.

* * * * *

Three words that mean substantially the same: Evolution, Development and Progress. Involution precedes evolution and all growth is from within.

Mr. Darwin re-discovered what is clearly alluded to in the accepted version of the bible.

* * * * *

Man's conduct is governed more by belief than by knowledge, and a falsehood convincingly told has the same effect as though it were true.

A WORD TO MY BACHELOR BROTHER.

“Come let us reason together.”

NOW don't begin to bristle up; I'm not going to offer you any *advice*; *advice* is too common and too free, so no one takes it anyway. I just want to ask you a few questions and make a few suggestions for you to think over when by yourself.

Where would you “come in” if your father had thought as you think? Do you prefer single “cussedness” — “I'm not *swearing* at you; I'm *telling* you,” Cohn — to the possibility of double blessedness? What do you mean by your slighting remarks about the way some of the ladies dress? You don't say that about your own sister, do you? Oh *no*, it is the other fellow's sister. You blush in public when you look upon that portion of the beautiful form exposed farther above the ankle and below the chin than you think comfort demands; but, be honest with yourself now: if you could see and not be seen, would you not enjoy seeing her at the *bath* even as much as David enjoyed in observing the mother of Solomon while she was performing the same

act of cleanliness before she became his wife?

Allow me to suggest that such an attitude of mind is evidence of *your* impurity rather than of *hers*. She tries to attract *you* because it is her nature, and because you estrange yourself from her by your selfishness. It is her *nature* to love you and your *duty* to make yourself lovable; and she knows how to make your life worth living if you will furnish the opportunity; but if you don't care to marry, do you not think it would be very honorable in you to treat her at least as well as you would have the other fellow treat your own sister?

Kindly allow me to direct your attention to the 13th chapter of 1st Corinthians, where you will find the essentials of *love* pointed out, that *love* which commits no errors, and which, if "made flesh" by being incorporated into your daily life, will qualify you to become a husband.

And, by the way, that *chunk of wisdom* was not set apart as a chapter by itself and numbered 13 as a "happenstance": 13 is a mystic number; the first figure signifies *unity*, the second *trinity*, and the combination, completion; symbolizing the twelve

signs of the zodiac and the sun ; the twelve tribes of Israel and Abraham ; the twelve apostles and Jesus ; the twelve powers of mind with the "I am" at the center.

I have no right to climb over the fence into your garden and tell you what to plant or how to care for ; but it has been revealed to me that your *mind* is not only *your* garden, but also the garden of God, and *some-time* you will hear his voice walking as did Adam and Eve after they discovered their nakedness ; then how will it be with you : will you clothe yourself in the seamless garment of righteousness and go joyously forth to meet him with a glad welcome, or will you clothe yourself with the skin of an *animal* and go into the pig-sty to talk the matter over with the rest of the hogs ?

It is up to you, my brother ; I have asked my questions and made my suggestions and now bid you "Farewell."

A WORD TO MY BACHELOR SISTER.

“WISDOM’S ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.”

Say, you haven’t been reading what I told my brother, have you? I don’t want to hurt *your* feelings, they are hurt often enough and too often, but I am going to venture a little fatherly counsel, and I *trust* without offense. I know a woman’s nature, and what the good God and Father of us all has planted in her heart. How tenderly it should be guarded that its fruit may come forth in perfection “without spot or blemish.”

Beauty is yours beyond all beauty else, and I say this *not* to make you *vain*, but to make you *thankful*. The male artist who would choose for his model the most beautiful product of nature, invariably selects the female form. But great beauty, like great wealth of gold, is a dangerous possession. *Man* is not yet *man* “in the full stature of a man in Christ,” but sometimes proves himself a *brute*, aye *worse* than brutes, because, endowed with highest possibilities, he sinks to lowest depths, and with him drags some

beautiful woman, pure as an angel before
he robbed her of her purity.

It is better to be *single* from the cradle to the
grave

Than to be a wife and mother and of a selfish
man a slave;

Better to wait the coming glory that the angels
share with God

Than submit to gibe and worry and a selfish hus-
band's prod.

Count it not as a misfortune and think of it as
loss

For your Father in his wisdom knoweth pure gold
from dross;

And a crown most surely waits you if your
thoughts are pure and clean

When you pass from earth's attraction to the
realm as yet unseen;

To a realm just as substantial as the earth you
walk on here,

But where shall be no sorrow, no sighing and
no tear.

It is well that in your efforts to attract the
stronger sex you be *prudent*, because *impru-
dence* most surely reflects, and to you good
reputation is a richer prize than gold, for if
lost your warmest friendships change at
once to bitter cold.

Welcome then good thoughts as angels,

hold them firmly in your mind,

For they are the best protection that you
anywhere can find.

FAREWELL.

AFFINITIES.

“Wherefore they are no more twain, but one flesh.”

IN these days of perversity and general “cussedness” we sometimes hear of affinities being discovered outside the marriage relation, after two supposing themselves to be affinities have been joined in lawful wedlock. Such “discoveries” are liable to create quite a disturbance in the home circle, and sometimes are aired in divorce court. Such things are not only disastrous, but entirely unnecessary. The *home* is the foundation not only of church and state, but of heaven itself, and when a home is once established by law there can be no *just* cause for disruption *if*, yes if both parties to the contract have “made flesh” the word of scripture contained in the 13th chapter of 1st Corinthians.

Marriage should not be considered as an *acquisition* but as a *surrender*. Here is a case in point where to *save* your life you must *lose* it. The evidence of *love* is willingness to sacrifice every selfish motive to enhance the happiness of the loved one, and the reward is “sure and steadfast.”

The Master said: "For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife; and they twain shall be one flesh." He had no need to say that to the wife, she will cleave to her husband through "thick and thin" if he once wins her love and is *true to her*.

But let him give her cause even to *believe* that he is seeking an affinity elsewhere, and woe be to him! the intensity of her love is the only measure of her *hate*.

Love between those of opposite sex, not having marriage, home and offspring as the objective ideal, needs to be most carefully guarded lest one or both be defrauded of the highest ideal to which human beings can attain, namely: that of being co-workers with God in peopling the limitless realms of space, called heaven, with his children.

Mock modesty of parents in leaving their children in ignorance of the glorious possibilities of life and the tremendous responsibility of taking proper care of their bodies as temples of God, is inexcusable. When shall the wall of unbelief which hides the kingdom of heaven from human sight be broken down?

If the kingdom of Divine Love and Wisdom is ever to be established on earth it must first gain a foothold in the home.

"Home, home, sweet, sweet home, be it never so humble, there is no place like home."

The home is sometimes defeated of its object by too much restraint exercised by parents over their children. When the child arrives at the age to know that one way is better than another, no arbitrary authority should be employed in government, for *then* he becomes individualized and has a "garden" of his own to tend, and suggestion will do much better service than dictation. Whatever resistance he is compelled to employ to free himself from the minds of his parents, in a sense of dependence upon their judgment as to his conduct, sends him just so much further from home, and perhaps "to the bad." At that age he comes under the law of necessity, to which even God himself is subject, because he *must be free*. Home is for *protection* not for imprisonment.

* * * * *

The greatest men the world has ever known
Graced mother's knee before they graced a throne:
The holiest ground in presence of a god
The ground on which a mother's feet have trod.

* * * * *

"Little Betty Pringle had a little pig;
It wasn't *very* little, and it wasn't very big;
And one day Betty Pringle's pig lay down on the
dung-hill and died."
But the H. C. of L. still continues.

THE BIBLE.

“Did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the scriptures?”

TO him who from early youth has been taught to regard the bible with superstitious awe, it is “a mill-stone about the neck,” crushing him to earth and grinding him to “powder.” To the “Grand Old Man of England” it is the “Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture,” and to the man whose eyes are holden from spiritual things it is the worst book ever published; but to him who in the combined use of *intuition* and reason goes beneath the surface of the letter into the spirit it is a source of inspiration, because in it he finds evidence of divine illumination since first the flight of time began. Divine Illumination, that Spiritual Rock that followed the children of Israel, and of which they drank while on their journey through the wilderness, and upon which the Master intends to build his church.

And, because in such a man human reason is given sway, due allowance is made for the imperfection of the instruments which

the angels used in ministration of the word, and even of the angels themselves, who are but humans in a higher school, it becomes "a lamp unto his feet, and a light unto his path," and in his desire to become conscious of God for himself, he purifies his heart—secret thoughts—and the world soon becomes aware that *his* lamp is lighted.

The bad use to which the bible has been put is no cause why it should be discarded. That bad men have used it to defend their unholy desire for dominion over their fellow men, and as an excuse for war and bloodshed, is no more cause for condemnation of the book, than the fact that the most powerful explosives and other manifestations of power in nature have been used for unholy purposes is a cause for condemnation of nature. And the bible is only a *part* of the work of God, whose work is always being improved by man.

Terrific storms at sea are necessary for purification and if ships go down we may learn from that the lesson that though the human soul—of which water is a symbol—be sometimes swept by furious storms, from the wreckage is always brought forth a better condition.

The lightning leaped from cloud to cloud for many years, sometimes missing the mark and shattering things upon the earth, to demonstrate the power of the air, before Franklin caught the inspiration of the demonstration, and he and his associates and co-workers have shown that *reason* can utilize that of which superstition stands in fear.

Almighty Father of the Universe teach us to live like *men*. Made in thy image and likeness, thou art as much dependent upon us as we are upon Thee. Help us to elevate our *ideals* of that which is just and right in thy sight. Help us to discover within ourselves the secret way unto thy throne, that thy seed implanted within our souls at the beginning may be furnished the proper environment for development and growth, that we may realize the glory and honor of *Divine Sonship*. —Amen.

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